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Scientific Notices.

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History, Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.

ALLEGED MIRACULOUS FALL OF BONES IN MANCHESTER.

The discovery of a vast number of small bones lying in the streets of Manchester, after a tremendous shower of rain, which fell in that town on Tuesday, the 7th instant, added to the conviction of many persons that they actually saw the bones descend, and felt them pattering upon their umbrellas,—these circumstances combined originated a belief in which many persons still remain stedfast, that the bones did actually descend from the clouds; a phenomenon which, however improbable it may appear, is quite within the range of possibility, as much more ponderous substances have been borne aloft in the air, and have descended at a considerable distance from the place whence they were carried away or projected by whirlwinds, hurricanes, volcanos, or waterspouts.

We merely state this, to show that those persons who persist in believing that the bones found after the Manchester storm did descend from above, are not fairly subject to the sneers and ridicule which are unceremoniously heaped upon their gullibility, as it is considered.

We should state here that notwithstanding what we have just observed, our opinion is, that in the instance under consideration the bones were washed up from the ground, not deposited from the clouds. It seems that the bones are chiefly those of sheep's trotters, which are a favourite dish in Manchester. The pelting of the storm may have worked these from between the interstices of the pavement in the vicinity of the market where they are sold, and where they are often eaten out of doors, and the bones scattered on the ground; or, as has been conjectured by some persons, they may have been washed out of some neighbouring fields strewed with bone manure.

We shall presently adduce some remarkable instances of phenomena fully as extraordinary as the fall of bones, had it taken place at Manchester, as was pretty generally believed, would have been. We shall, however, previously explain how the subjoined letter came into our hands. It reached us on Thursday se'nnight, so late in the evening, that had there been no other objection to its insertion in the *Mercury* of the following morning, the time of its arrival would certainly have excluded it.

The letter, which was accompanied by a sample of the bones, described so strange a phenomenon, that we suspected it might have been a hoax played upon us. We knew the presumed writer, indeed, to be an intelligent and respectable gentleman, incapable of deliberately imposing upon us; but he might have been himself imposed upon, and we deemed it prudent, in either case, to ascertain whether the letter was actually written by the individual whose signature it bore. Upon waiting on his brother, who resides in Liverpool, we were satisfied that the letter was genuine.

As we knew nothing about the abundance of sheep bones in Manchester, our theory of the phenomenon was, that some wag, in order to produce what the French call "*a sensation*," had prepared a stock of these small bones, which might have been deposited in garrets, ready for a convenient time for showering them down upon the heads of the passengers. During a hailstorm the hoax could scarcely fail to answer; as those who saw and felt the bones as they fell would, in all probability, never suspect that they proceeded from the wags in the upper stories.

With this preface we shall proceed with the letter of our correspondent, to which we shall append some further remarks of our own concerning phenomena much more remarkable than the descent of the bones would have been, had it actually occurred.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hasten to transmit to you an account of a most extraordinary phenomenon which occurred in the course of Tuesday last, in this town. During the whole of last week we had a considerable quantity of rain, but Sunday and Monday cleared up, and we were in hopes of better weather. Tuesday morning came in with a cloudy atmosphere and lowering clouds; at noon it became remarkably dark, and we were visited by very vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, which were succeeded by the most heavy fall of rain that ever occurred in my recollection: every person appeared to fly to some shelter; even the carters stopt, and left their teams along each street. In the midst of this scene, those persons who had umbrellas were surprised at the continued pattering of some hard substances falling on them, and on looking down, as they lay on the ground, could not help fancying them to be black hailstones; but, on close inspection, they proved to be immense quantities of old and dried animal bones and marine shells. With this paper I inclose, for your inspection, eleven specimens of the production, which were picked up in several parts of the town. Not one person of my acquaintance but possesses some of the same; all of which appear as though they were singed by fire, perhaps by the electric fluid. An abundance of this material fell in the neighbourhood of Ancoats, and at the top of Oldham-street; some few dropt by my door. Query: What can have transported these transatlantic substances to our shores and our streets? The wind has been west and half north for several days, and during the storm it did not vary much from the above. I feel satisfied that they are the product of some tropical shore. Should you feel disposed to view them through a glass, you will find that there is a quantity of marine sand in the hollow, or porous parts of each. Some of the matter is of a black kind, as though it were the shiny sand which abounds on the shores of Trinidad, and some others of the Caribee Islands in which I have been. Indeed, the whole appearance of the pieces indicate that they were the restless tenants of some tropical shore, where the ever-moving surf had kept them in mutual motion; this is visible, by the corners being polished off, and a peculiar kind of gloss being left on the sides. Some have thought them fish bones; but it is evident, from the knuckle bone inclosed, that it has belonged to some quadruped's toe. I am inclined to think that we shall hear, ere long, of some sad convulsion of nature having happened on some of the Western shores. An hypothesis may be offered for this extraordinary business. Might it not occur by the effects of a whirlwind, or by the influence of a waterspout; see *Tournefort* and *Buffon*, both of whom will tend to strengthen the idea. It is really amusing to hear the many conjectures of people. The following are amongst the many,—that the spirit of *Bony Part* (Buonaparte) had intended to waft the fragments of his body to the Capital of Portugal, Lisbon, but as the wind veered about, they dropt here: others contend that they were intended to have fallen here on the anniversary of the battle of *Peterloo*, (16th of August:) others very *gravely* asserted that they were the ashes of some of our brave forefathers, who fought and bled for freedom's cause,—perhaps a Hampden or a Sidney. But in all this, the solution is left to the choice spirits of your town, by their humble servant,

T. B.

Manchester, July 9, 1829.

The phenomenon of the fall of aërolites or meteoric stones must be familiar to every reader, although the immense size of some of these bodies may not be a matter of equal notoriety. Mr. Sheean, author of *Flora Caroliniensis*, an *Essay on the Yellow Fever*, and many other works, in his *Sketches of the Elements of Natural Philosophy*, accompanied with *Sketches of a new Theory of the Earth*, &c. in cap. xi. has collected the best recorded instances of the fall of aërolites and different substances from the atmosphere, amongst which he mentions one of the incredible weight of thirty tons.

Amongst the bodies which have descended from the atmosphere have been sand, sulphur, mercury, coloured metallic dust, fish, frogs, snails, eels, and other organic and inorganic substances in such variety that nothing but the most unquestionable testimony could compel our belief in such extraordinary and unaccountable phenomena. Whence these substances proceed, and how some of them are formed, is a problem that has long and fruitlessly engaged the ingenuity of speculative philosophers, whose theories are too numerous to be detailed here. The distance to which substances may be transported in the air by means of whirlwinds or other causes is surprising. When the dreadful fire consumed our

celebrated warehouses on the Goree several years ago, an immense quantity of carbonized and congregated corn was carried further than Prescot and Rainhill. But what is that compared with the distance which the dust was carried when Souffriere mountain in St. Vincent's experienced so strange a convulsion? The decks of vessels several hundreds of miles distant from the mountain were covered with the powder, some of which is in our possession.

We are perfectly aware that had the phenomena recorded by our Manchester correspondent really occurred, there would have been no analogy whatever between it and the fall of stones, minerals, &c. to which we have just adverted. The most probable theory is, that these substances are produced by electrical, chemical, magnetic, or galvanic action, and the well ascertained existence of metallic particles in aeriform fluid is pretty well established.—When we reflect that lightning will in an instant liquify a solid bar of metal, which could not be melted by ordinary fire in several hours, we must admit that it is an agent, the operation of which defies all human speculation.

The phenomena which we adduced as analogous to the fall of the bones, (had it occurred) were the fall of small fish, frogs, eels, snails, &c. which were most probably borne up by water spouts, and carried to a considerable distance before they descended to the earth. The subject has engrossed so much of the public attention, that we trust we shall be excused for having dilated upon it at such length.

PHRENOLOGY.

DR. SPURZHEIM'S LECTURES.

LECTURE IX.

We had not an opportunity of attending Dr. Spurzheim's ninth lecture; but we believe the following sketch of his observations will be found to be tolerably correct.

He commenced with some remarks on the reflective faculties of man, comprised in the word reason. It was generally considered that judgment, reason, imagination, and association, were fundamental powers; and though there was no cerebral manifestation of these powers, faculties corresponding with the general idea attached to these names did really exist. How was this to be explained? Very different significations were given to the word imagination. A man endowed with strong and ardent feelings was said to be a man of imagination; and the same character was applied to men eminent for their inventive powers; to the painter who composed a picture, and the poet who composed a poem. Imagination, or the quality meant by the term, was not a fundamental power, but was the result of other powers. Invention or imagination was the effect of some innate power, whatever direction it took, and this direction was determined by the powers of the mind which predominated, and was an evidence of the predominance of those powers. In an individual possessing all the qualities necessary to form the painter, imagination would be exhibited in the invention of pictures; another, who possessed the musical powers, would invent or imagine music. Imagination might exist in a high degree in one direction, and not at all in another, in the same individual; thus many who were capable of inventing pictures were quite unable to compose music; and many who could compose music could not invent pictures. Neither was the faculty denominated reason a single fundamental power. Phrenologists defined it to be the result of two fundamental powers,—*comparison* and *casuality*. Most men were satisfied with individual knowledge; but some were not contented with this, but went farther, and compared ideas. The organ of *comparison* was situated in the middle of the upper part of the forehead. Persons who had it large generally examined and proved every thing by analogy; those who were possessed of the quality in the highest degree discriminated differences with the nicest accuracy. Comparison alone, however, was insufficient to form a philosophic mind. *Casuality* was also requisite. There were some individuals who were always asking "Why is it?" "What is the cause of it?" Others never troubled themselves about causes. Whenever a strong tendency to arrive at the principles of knowledge was manifested in any individual, *casuality* was always strong in that individual, and the organ well developed. It was situated in the upper part of the forehead, on each side of *comparison*. When it was large, a strong tendency to reason was exhibited; and individuals possessed of it always acted according to the circumstances of the case, and were never contented with merely following the routine they might have been taught. The perceptive faculties were generally the strongest; but when the reflective powers,—*comparison* and *casuality*, were predominant, the result was the metaphysician, the theorist, or the speculative philosopher, who omitted to examine nature previously to their forming their conclusions. Judgment or taste was not a single fundamental power, but the result of different faculties, according to its direction. Hence one was a good judge of music, another of paintings, another of poetry, according to his powers. When judgment was applied to estimating the works of the Creator, according to distinct and established principles, it was synonymous with good taste; but so long as either term might be employed indifferently, the judgment of the perceptive faculties only was spoken of; but when comparison and casuality were combined with these, the result was what might be called judgment *par excellence*. He then observed that association was not a fundamental power, but a general term for the effects of other faculties. It was the result of the combination of two or more powers. Thus some artists never painted without singing at the same time: the hen was not a fighting animal, but in her combativeness was frequently excited by the faculty of *philoprogenitiveness*. By affection was signified the excitement or activity of particular powers, and it was not of itself a fundamental power; thus a nerve might be tickled or pinched, and give different sensations, without a distinct fundamental power for each. He then described passion to consist in the greater activity of a particular power, taking the lead of others, or not harmonizing with them. He said he had now shown what was to be remarked if they had recourse to observations on nature; and that if the conclusions he had drawn were correct, they had next to consider the consequences, and examine whether there was any foundation for the apprehensions of those who imagined that morality, religion, and revelation were endangered by the doctrines of phrenology. He was sorry to see divines still manifesting the spirit which existed formerly, and which prevented the progress of science, and prohibited all inquiry into the works of nature. He wished to know whether the individual who studied divinity acquired thereby a right to set limits to the inquiries of the student of nature. He did not think that any such right was acquired; neither did he think that the naturalist had any right to limit the inquiries of the divine. Revelation was given for the moral and religious welfare of man: it was not sufficient for his physical and intellectual good; and it was absurd to suppose that it was enough for both. This was sufficiently evident from the expressions of the Bible with respect to scientific subjects being suited to the state of scientific knowledge in the age in which they were written; for in whatever points this was defective and erroneous, the words of the Scriptures corresponded exactly with such defects and errors. The steam-engine had not been the fruit of revelation, but were there any that would say it should, therefore, be rejected? He then strongly recommended agreement between the pious and the scientific, and gave it as his opinion, that if the professors of divinity did not go hand in hand with the professors of physic and science, they would lose a great portion of their influence. He then proceeded to speak of the two great objections of the cautious and timid to the doctrines of phrenology, which were—that the science led to materialism and fatalism. The same objections had been made to many other great discoveries. He believed that phrenology left these points just where they were before. There had been, and always would be, materialists, both amongst phrenologists and the opponents of phrenology, and the point was, whether phrenology strengthened the views of the advocates of materialism, or of those who were opposed to it. All physiologists admitted that the brain was necessary to the manifestation of mind, and some of them maintained that the whole of the brain was engaged in each individual mental manifestation; phrenologists taught that different parts of the brain possessed different functions. Why was one to be deemed a materialist more than the other? Was there not as much materialism in saying that the whole was necessary, as in saying that a part was necessary? Again: was it to be said that phrenology led to fatalism, because it taught the existence of innate powers in different degrees of activity? Men had eyes and ears, but were they, therefore, compelled to look at, and listen to every thing; or might they exercise the power of choosing whether they would do so or not? If it were maintained that one individual having the organ of destructiveness large, must therefore commit murder, had not that individual something else which forbade him to murder? If he had not, and said that he had no choice, that individual ought to be shut up as a tiger. He said he would not enter into the discussion of the unsatisfactory and interminable questions of necessity and predestination. He held with the theologians that talents were bestowed on mankind by the Creator; and that mankind were answerable for the use or abuse of them according to their number and degree. He believed that the nature of men and animals was determinate. The cat and the dog had each a determinate character of their own, and neither they nor men could change the one for the other. Men also had received certain powers and dispositions in different degrees, and it was utterly impossible to change those of one individual for those of another. It was not left to man to determine what was conducive to the nourishment of his body; that was already done to his hand, and it was quite impossible for him to alter it, or to discontinue nutritious food and live on poison. From observation it was found that some individuals were born with a great genius;—the talents of others were but of a middling kind;—and others were perfect idiots. If there was any fatalism in maintaining this, he was a fatalist. It was his conviction that in the intellectual powers consisted the responsibility of man. The feelings were perfectly involuntary, and their mode of action was entirely dependant on the intellect. Where there was no intellect there could be no responsibility. Hence arose the necessity of cultivating the intellect. He held that parents and teachers were as responsible for the cerebral instruments of children as for their bodies. He then commented on the absurdity of calling some powers good, and others bad, when they were neither good nor bad in themselves. It was the direction which rendered them the one or the other. The element of fire was either good or bad according to circumstances; if applied to the procural of warmth, in cold weather, or in cooking, it was good; if it were employed to burn down a house, it was bad. He then commented on the importance of giving the lead to the proper powers. Those powers which were peculiar to man, or the moral and religious feelings, combined with reason, ought to be employed for the rule and guidance of those which were common alike to men and irrational animals. In this they ought to be assisted by Revelation, and in opposition to the animal feeling which said "Thou shalt," they would always find something in the divine law which said "Thou shalt not," if the indulgence of the feeling were noxious or criminal.

Biographical Notices.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE INFANTE DON MIGUEL.

(From the Portuguese Emigrant.)

(Concluded from our last.)

On the death of Don John VI, March 10, 1826, his Highness wrote to his august brother and sovereign, Don Pedro, whom he acknowledged as his King, whose vassal he declared himself, and whose orders he protested to obey with fidelity and pleasure. His Imperial and Royal Majesty then decreed the Constitutional Charter of the Portuguese Monarchy, abdicated in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, now reigning Queen of Portugal, and ordered her marriage with Don Miguel, her uncle. His Highness swore to the charter, and contracted espousals with his niece, whom he recognised as his legitimate Queen. In the meantime the rebels in Portugal had openly revolted, at the instigation of the same personage who had been the promoter of all the plans against Don John VI. His Highness, who in Vienna was informed of what was going on, and secretly favoured the conspiracy, wrote to his sister, the Regent Donna Isabel Maria, declaring his disapproval of the proceedings of the rebels, who dared give out his name in support of their rebellion; but at the same time he refused to proceed to the Brazils, whither he had been called by his Sovereign; judging from his own conviction of crime of his impossibility of justifying his conduct to his brother, and accustomed to one continued act of disobedience during all his life, he had the address to pass off his actual noncompliance with his brother's orders as a service which he pretended to do to his country by the firm establishment of the charter, the consolidation of the throne, and the annihilation of the faction which he disowned. It is stated that his Highness submitted to his brother all the correspondence he had with the rebels, and even the letters he had received from his mother; which latter fact, if true, speaks but little in his favour. His Highness even had protectors, who so highly recommended and guaranteed his conduct to his Imperial brother, that his Imperial Majesty was obliged to overlook the intelligence conveyed to him from Portugal by his faithful subjects, and confide the Regency of Portugal to his brother, requiring of him an oath of fidelity and the preservation of the charter. His Imperial Majesty also relied on the assertions of some of the European Cabinets, who offered themselves as the Prince's guarantees.

Having completed his 25th year, and come of age, Don Miguel renewed and ratified all his preceding oaths in Vienna, and repeated the same in Paris and in London; he complied with all that his brother required of him as to oaths and promises. He again wrote to his sister the Princess Regent, begging her to have the Cortes assembled on his arrival, that he might, in the presence of the two Chambers united, take the oath his august brother required of him; stating at the same time, that he was proceeding to Portugal to govern in the name of his brother, and according to the constitutional charter; that he wished past events should be forgotten, but would severely punish whomsoever dared trouble the established order; and that he begged she would publish and make his sentiments known to the nation. This was complied with; and many individuals, whom we may be proud of calling Portuguese, went so far as to believe that the Prince's expressions were sincere. However, we, who saw every thing disposed and arranged for the usurpation, never conceived hopes that his promises would be fulfilled. Not only did we think that national traitors would be found to support his views, but even reflected that there were many foreigners who were in what was by them called the secret, but which was only a secret and mystery to those persons who knew not how to make use of their reason.

His Highness arrived at Lisbon on the 22d of February, 1828; the rebel party began immediately to style him King; and at the same time their hatred to their legitimate Queen and to the charter was publicly and openly expressed on every public occasion; but at this period the troops, who, with the exception of the armed police, were uncontaminated with the principles of rebellion, preserved order, and silenced the clamorous. Don Miguel, obliged to postpone the intended usurpation for some time, swore fidelity to his Sovereign and the observance of the charter, in presence of the two Chambers, jointly assembled on the 26th of the same month. Having thus assumed the Regency in the name of Don Pedro, no act emanated from his Highness which did not tend towards the usurpation of the throne and the abolition of the charter; those citizens who had deserved well of their country were held out as objects of persecution; the accomplices [illegible] conspiracy of the 30th of April were admitted [illegible] favour, and finally it seemed as if the horrors of that day were intended to be sanctified; rebels, mixed with the mob, shouted, *Long live the 30th of April!* Under these circumstances the nation had a right to call the Government (which, from a mere delegation had usurped the authority of the sovereign, and intended the total destruction of the national liberties) to account for its tyranny and oppression: the Portuguese had done so in former times, and nobody had ever thought of styling them rebels and demagogues for it. But now they were differently situated: foreign and internal policy had brought them to a point, when they must either have yielded their limbs to the fetters of slavery, or must have subjected themselves to the epithet of demagogues. The occasion required that they should have represented to the Regent the abyss into which he was precipitating himself and the nation, but they reflected that the very cheers given in July, 1827, for Don Pedro and the Charter, were accounted criminal and revolutionary acts, and as such were punished! Thus were our fetters forged—and such was the determination to complete our ruin!

In the name of Don Pedro did the Regent nominate an Administration, which, with the exception of the Count of Villa Real, was composed of traitors. This Nobleman was nominated Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with the intent of drawing him over to the rebel faction; as this did not succeed, he would have been arrested if he had not left the kingdom. In the name of Don Pedro were the commanding officers of the army, who were noted for their fidelity, and whom the faction could never reckon in its interests, dismissed from the service. In the name of Don Pedro was the Chamber of Deputies, then in its ordinary session, dismissed without orders being given for the election of new Members. In the name of Don Pedro were the loyal and worthy adherents to their Monarch deprived of their situations, military and civil, and substituted by traitors, by malefactors, and by the whole set of the 30th of April. In the name of Don Pedro and of the Charter, were Don Pedro and the Charter deprived of their best defenders, to whom was denied the protection of the laws, and even the means of subsistence. In the name of Don Pedro was the national song of his composition prohibited from being sung or played; and the barefooted mob, headed by perverse traitors, was allowed to shout at the doors, and in the rooms of the Palace in which the Regent lived, "Death to Don Pedro and to his daughter!" In this same palace were their faithful subjects insulted—peers of the realms, generals, and even foreigners, were ignominiously ill treated. Don Miguel, whose life, as we have seen, had been one continued act of disobedience, presided over the assemblies held at the Palace Ajuda, (in the very dwelling of his Sovereign!) for the purpose of concerting measures for the usurpation of the crown. From this illegal council of state were issued orders to the Superintendency of the Police to arrest all those individuals who were known to possess honour, fidelity, and love to their country. From it the orders of the day to the mob of Lisbon were published, regulating what they were that day to practise, in opposition to the law given by their King, and in contempt of his authority. From it were sent forth insinuations to the municipal authorities to petition Don Miguel to assume the regal sceptre. From it were circulars transmitted to the nobility of the first and second class, calling upon them to sign a paper drawn up by the rebel Count of Mesquitella, in which Don Miguel was requested to convocate the Cortes of Lamego, and ascend the throne. From it were the orders issued for the dissolution of the five Lisbon volunteer corps, who, during the Peninsular war, had done the most important services to their country, and who were now abolished, because they refused taking a part in the promotion of Don Miguel's usurpation. From it originated the criminal attempt of the Lisbon municipal authorities to acclaim Don Miguel king,—a step which it was resolved should be opposed, to make the world believe that he assumed the sovereignty against his will, whilst, in reality, he violently usurped it, arresting and putting down the defenders of the rightful king. From it were issued orders to the municipal authorities of the towns which sent deputies to the Cortes, not to consent that persons who were not attached to its traitorous views should represent them,—instituting judicial investigations into the political conduct of the individuals nominated, so that not one dissenting voice should appear in his acclamation by the Cortes.

It was thus that Don Miguel, after having been disobedient to his father in 1823 and 1824, and openly declared himself in rebellion against him (as the fact of imprisoning him in his palace sufficiently attests,) lost not the habitual propensity to rebellion and disobedience during his stay at the Court of Austria, though his inclinations and intrigues were not discovered by its Emperor; from Vienna he kept up a constant intercourse with the rebels, whom he encouraged, and was the cause of all the blood shed at Arronches, Coruche, Arcos, Prade, and Freixiero; and on his arrival in Portugal, after having by his hypocrisy and dissimulation deceived his King, he declared himself a traitor to his Queen and niece, whose throne he usurped, whose faithful subjects he persecuted, and whose kingdom he reduced to a state of slavery and misery. We have concluded our biographical sketch of Don Miguel, in which we have described him in the most favourable colours possible. With our statement in view, who is the man in Europe, in the whole world, that would not be ashamed,—we will not say to defend his conduct, for that were contrary to honour, to religion, to virtue, and even to the actual system of politics, it were an insult to good sense,—but even to acknowledge himself one of his friends?

TURKISH SLAVE MARKET.

(From Madden's account of Turkey.)

Mr. Madden thus describes the Slave Market at Constantinople:—"I had an opportunity afforded me of seeing this horrid place, where, perhaps, the loveliest women in the world are bought and sold like cattle, inspected by every scoundrel who wears a turban, and submitted to the scrutiny of every virago who affects to be a judge of slaves. Franks are not suffered to visit this bazaar; but now and then when an opulent slave merchant falls sick, a Christian hakkim, or doctor, gains admittance. In this way I was brought in to see a patient, whose couch was the bench of a public coffee-house, and whose disease was the plague. Twenty or thirty people were smoking with great composure by his side; and when I pointed to the bubbo in his arm-pit, and to the haggard wildness of his look, they only 'drank another pipe,' (to use their own language) and exclaimed,—'There is but one God, Allah Wakbar.' The patient died the following morning; and the ensuing week I had three cases more of plague in the same house. The Slave Bazaar is a large quadrangular court-yard, with a shed running along, a range of narrow cells on the ground floor, and a gallery above, which surrounds the building; on the second stage the chambers are reserved for the Greeks and Georgians; below are the black women of Darfur and Sennaar, and the copper coloured beauties of Abyssinia; the latter are remarkable for the symmetry of their features and the elegance of their forms; they commonly sell for 150 dollars, (£30) while the black women seldom bring more than 80 dollars. (£16) The poor Greek women were huddled together; I saw seven or eight in one cell, stretched on the floor, some dressed in the vestiges of former finery, some half-naked; some of them were from Scio, others from Ipsara; they had nothing in common but despair! All of them looked pale and sickly; and all of them appeared to be pining after the homes they were never to see again, and the friends they were to meet no more! Sickness and sorrow had impaired their looks, but still they were spectres of beauty; and the melancholy stillness of their cells was sadly contrasted with the boisterous roars of merriment which proceeded from the dungeons of the negro women. No scene of human wretchedness can equal this.—The girl who might have adorned her native village, whose innocence might have been the solace of an anxious mother, and whose beauty might have been the theme of many a tongue, was here subjected to the gaze of every licentious soldier who chose to examine her features or her form, on the pretence of being a buyer. I saw one poor girl of about 15 brought forth to exhibit her gait and figure to an old Turk, whose glances manifested the motive for her purchase; he twisted her elbows, he pulled her ankles, he felt her ears, examined her mouth, and then her neck; and all this while the slave merchant was extolling her shape and features, and protesting she was only turned thirteen, that she neither snored nor started in her sleep—in every respect she was warranted. I loitered about the Bazaar until I saw this bargain brought to a conclusion; the girl was bought for 280 dollars (about £55 sterling.) The separation of this young creature from her companions in wretchedness was a new scene of distress: she was as pale as death, and hardly seemed conscious of her situation, while all the other girls were weeping around her and taking their last farewell. Her new master laughed at the sad parting, and pushed her before him to the outer gate; but there she stopped for a moment, and entreated permission to go back for the remainder of her Greek attire, which I dare say she prized more than any thing in the world, for probably it was all on earth that remained to her of what she brought from that home which she had for ever left. The old Moslem accompanied her back, and in a few minutes I saw her returning to the gate with a little bundle under her arm, and trembling from head to foot.

Poetry.

LOVE TOKENS.

He sought her virgin heart to win
With costly jewels rare,
But, ah! the diamonds' light grew dim
That wooed acceptance there;
For love was never bought or sold,
And love, disdaining, laughs at gold.

The conscious glance, the tell-tale eye,
And hope no voice that owns,
Save the soft breathings of a sigh,
That still in witching tones
Whispers of doubts and jealous fears,
And lovers' thousand nameless cares;

These tribute sweet, and dearer are
Than gems that seem to vie
With vesper's lov'd and worshipp'd star
In dazzling rivalry;—
And he that woos with sordid lure,
But ill may maiden's heart endure!

Take, take the worthless toy away,
Unmeet so fair a shrine;
And go, more precious boon display,
Where gold nor diamonds shine;
The soul's impassioned incense free,
Devotion's fond idolatry!

Ah! little do they know of love,
A stranger to the god,
Who deem that *gifts* to liking move;
For ne'er at Pluto's nod
Did heart do homage leal and true,
A suitor, gold, love never knew!

Go, go, thou nothing know'st of love,
And still a stranger art
To all the mysteries that prove
The deeply-conscious heart;
Go, go, and learn that love must be
Offspring of kindred sympathy.

Liverpool. G.

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

The following beautiful poem is from a volume just published, by the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES: it is inscribed to Thomas Moore, Esq.

So ends Childe Harolde his last pilgrimage!
Upon the shores of Greece he stood, and cried
"Liberty!" and those shores, from age to age
Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied
"Liberty!" But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking;—and, its dart uplifting high,
Smote him:—he sank to earth in life's fair pride;
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sighed—'Die, generous exile, die!'

I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died:
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied;
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy grave.

So Harold ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage!—
There fitly ending,—in that land renown'd,
Whose mighty genius lives in glory's page,—
He, on the Muses' consecrated ground,
Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
With their unfading wreath! To bands of mirth,
No more in Tempe* let the pipe resound!
Harold, I follow, to thy place of birth,
The slow hearse—and thy last sad pilgrimage on earth.

Slow moves the plumed hearse, the mourning train,—
I mark the said procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane,
Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie;—
There sleeps that mother,† who with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy early road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Her son, releas'd from mortal labour's load,
Now comes to rest, with her, in the same still abode.

Bursting Death's silence—could that mother speak—
(Speak when the earth was heaped upon his head)—
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:—
"Here rest, my son, with me;—the dream is fled;
The motley mask and the great stir is o'er,
Welcome to me, and to this silent bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of life, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

"Here rest; in the oblivious grave repose,
After the toil of earth's tumultuous way:
No interruption this deep silence knows;
Here, no vain phantoms lure the heart astray:
The earth-worm feeds on its unconscious prey;
Rest here in peace—in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead! At that last awful day,
Saviour, Almighty Judge, look down on me,
And oh! my son, my son, have mercy upon thee!"

"* The beautiful pastoral vale of Tempe, in Arcadia, celebrated by all the poets of Greece.

"† She died in Scotland. I have presumed she might have been buried at Newstead, as that he was born there."

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

(By Mr. T. K. Hervey.)

You remember the maid with her dark-brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,
Till it made adoration a duty!
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes to a vision of light,
And we thought her a spirit from heaven!

And your heart can recal—and mine often goes back,
With a sigh and a tear, to—the hours
When we gazed on her form, as she followed the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers;—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight,
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free,—and looked after its flight,
To see if it entered the skies!

But she wandered away from the home of her youth,
One spring, ere the roses were blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!—
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home,—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved, though she breathed it to none,
(For love of her soul was a part,)
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair on her heart!
And oh, with what anguish we counted, each day,
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck.

Yet her eyes were as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over their beam;
And her smiles are remembered, since long they are past,
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream;
And it may be that fancy had woven a spell,
But I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell,
Like a dirge on the listening ear.

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
(Though she always was gentle and kind,)
Yet I thought that the softness which stole o'er her face,
Had a softening power on her mind;
But it might be her looks and her tones were more dear,
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the last fading flower of the year,
For we felt she was passing away.

She never complained, but she loved to the last,
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die;
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm-tree sighs o'er her at even,
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
Is the tear of a far foreign heaven!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Turning over some old papers lately, I found the following lines, and have not been able to satisfy myself as to the solution. Perhaps, if you give them a place in your paper, some one may furnish an answer, and thereby oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

A LOGOGRAPH.

I'm wonderful, marvellous, all that's uncommon;
Sometimes I'm a man, and sometimes I'm a woman.
When whole, I am always a subject of wonder,
So now please to guess at my parts when asunder.
In the fens I'm an insect, in barns a small beast;
To birds I'm a house, and I'm none of the least;
I catch fish, make leather, hear all that is said,
And many a pair come to me be to wed.
Tho' with science oft coupled, I'm grim and look wild,
And yet you will own I am far from a child.
My passions you see by what falls from my eyes,
And my wrath is twofold, tho' I'm known to be wise.
In revenge I'm a goddess, in the forest a deer;
To one point of the compass I'm sure I can veer:
In the north I'm a bridge many travellers see,
And nuns in the convent are guarded by me.
On board ship you may smell me, and see me all round,
And then in your wake I am sure to be found.
On the lace of your stays I am at one end or both.
I'm the emblem of industry, symptom of sloth:
What the enemy sow'd when the husbandman slept;
What at dinner you do, and where fire is kept.
You ride in me, ride on me, ride at me, nay, more,
You sometimes ride thro' me, and I'm just half a score.
I'm in dress like a Quaker, and always at hand;
Beneath you when sitting, but not when you stand.
Each morning you take me, each quarter you pay;
To poor sailors at midnight I oft show the way;
Whilst blest by my presence you quietly lay.
I'm despatch'd. I'm dissever'd a gift of Crown land;
I'm what boys do by heart, and what men do by hand;
The sun is like me when he makes you his bow,
And I'm sure 'twill be strange if you don't guess me now.

Tide Table.

Days.	Morn. h. m.	Even. h. m.	Height. ft.	in.	Festivals, &c.
Tuesday ..21	2 5	2 30	18	5	
Wednesday 22	2 54	3 21	17	3	Magdalen.
Thursday 23	3 47	4 16	15	7	
Friday 24	4 46	5 20	14	4	
Saturday..25	5 58	6 38	13	5	St. James.
Sunday... 26	7 16	7 56	12	11	6th Sunday after Trinity.
Monday ..27	8 29	9 0	13	5	St. Anne.
Tuesday ..28	9 28	9 53	14	2	

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat During day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
July										
8	29	59	53	0	59	0	66	0	W.N.W.	Fair.
9	29	54	55	0	60	0	64	0	N.W.	Fair.
10	29	50	55	0	60	0	68	0	S.	Rain.
11	29	27	57	0	63	0	71	0	S.W.	Fair.
12	29	29	57	0	66	0	68	0	W.N.W.	Rain.
13	29	49	56	0	62	0	72	0	S.S.W.	Fair.
14	29	40	57	0	62	0	75	0	S.W.	Showery.

8th, Heavy rain during night.
11th, Eight, p.m. severe thunderstorm.

To Correspondents.

QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Will you or some of your correspondents favour me with answers to the following queries. It will not only oblige me but many of your numerous readers, as they are upon a subject concerning which inquiries are continually being made without obtaining any satisfactory answers:—

1. If a clerk be engaged, without any definite time being named, at a yearly salary, which salary he receives quarterly, can that clerk be turned out of his situation at any time by being served with a notice to leave at the end of three months from the date of that notice; or, does not the yearly salary constitute an agreement for a year; and must not the notice, as in the case of leaving a house, be served at the end of the third quarter of that year?

2. If a clerk be engaged at a yearly salary of so much for the first year, to be raised a certain sum the second year, does it not constitute an agreement for at least two years; and can that clerk be turned out of that situation before the expiration of *two* years?

The clerk, of course, in both the above cases, not furnishing any cause by misbehaviour, &c.

Yours, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

[*Translated from the Panorama.*]

THE POINTED PENS.

A very severe libel was published against the Emperor Joseph II, who, on being informed of it, asked for a copy. He read it, and ordered the author to be brought before him, which was immediately done. When he appeared, the monarch showed him the pamphlet, and asked him, "Are you the author of this pamphlet?"—"Yes," was the short reply of the pamphleteer, who foresaw more danger in denying than in avowing the truth. "Ah!" said the Emperor, "it appears to me that your pens are too sharply pointed; they are good for nothing. This I anticipated, and ordered others to be cut expressly for you: Here they are: I hope that you will make better use of them." The Emperor presented a packet of pens to the man of letters, who knew not with what countenance to receive them. "Take it," added the prince, "and go away, for this time the affair shall go no farther."

Struck by the greatness of soul evinced by his sovereign, the author went away, and when he had more attentively examined the paper which enveloped the pens, he found that it was an order for a pension. The emperor had made inquiries about the situation of the writer, and had learned that he was in great distress.

CURIOUS PROPERTY OF FIGURES.

Another solution to the problem in our last, communicated by *E*.

7546 may be thus expressed,

7000
500
40
6

Now, as the aggregate of the quotients of each of these numbers divided by 9, is equal to the quotient of the whole divided by 9, we have

$$7000 \div 9 = 777\frac{7}{9}$$
$$500 \div 9 = 55\frac{5}{9}$$
$$40 \div 9 = 4\frac{4}{9}$$
$$6 \div 9 = \frac{6}{9}$$
$$7546 \div 9 = 838\frac{4}{9}$$

M.

QUESTION.

Says Tom Unsworth to John Frost, "three times the square root of my fortune is just equal to five times the cube root of yours." What had each of these young gentlemen for his fortune? LAST BOAT.

ON SALE,

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"No sovereign, I confidently believe, has ever yet traded to profit; no trading company, I greatly fear, has yet administered government for the happiness of its subjects.—*Lord Grenville.*

"This valuable Pamphlet is from the pen of a Gentleman who is regarded as the very highest authority in this country on Indian affairs, and who has treated the question in a manner which renders his Work what a lawyer would term '*the brief*' of the whole case, which every Gentleman ought to read who would be informed thereon, and which the poorest in the land ought to unite their pence to obtain."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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TO THE LADIES.

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The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

The following paragraph from the last *Mercury* will explain the source from which we have derived the subjoined letters.

"In the *Saturday's Advertiser* there are two short but amusing letters which the editor has received from a friend now at Paris. We recognise his style, and we trust, with our brother editor, that his new correspondent will continue his communications, which we know he has the power to render interesting. We may not perhaps be quite disinterested on this occasion, as it is our intention to republish the series in the *Kaleidoscope*, for which they are well adapted."

"*Paris, 18th June,* 1829.

"The only novelty which has occurred to me, since I last wrote, was a visit to the Chamber of Deputies. I saw that august body, for the first time, on Friday. It was half-past twelve when I reached the chamber, and the tribunes (or galleries) reserved for strangers and the public were already nearly filled. At one o'clock the president took his chair, and shortly afterwards one of the *redacteurs* was called to the tribune, to read a report of the previous day's proceedings. While this was going forward, the members continued assembling. About half-past one the president rang a bell, (scarcely smaller than those used by the town-criers in England,) and requested the members to take their seats, by calling out repeatedly "*en places.*" It was evidently no easy matter to obtain silence, which the unruly conduct of the gentlemen of the press (for whom a tribune is specially reserved) contributed greatly to prevent. For some time 'order,' as an ingenious friend of mine once observed, 'was a chaos.' At length the president announced that '*M. Eusebe Salverte' en la parole*, and M. Salverte mounted the tribune. His speech was upon the budget of 1830, in reference to the home department; it was extempore, but, excepting the last sentence or two, very flat, and lasted nearly an hour and a half.—He was followed by *M. Benjamin Constant*, a radical-looking personage, with long gray locks hanging upon his shoulders, who *read* intelligibly, and with much spirit, an eloquent and amusing essay, which is the only one correctly reported in the *Constitutionnel*. You may see it, if you wish, in the paper of the 13th instant. The Minister for the home-department, *M. Martignac*, (who was by far the best speaker I heard,) replied extempore; and was followed by a gentleman (I believe *M. Tracy*,) who threw his arms about with much vivacity. Other speeches were read and spoken, some of them sufficiently inane, and some of them with a most wearying monotony; and after a reply from *M. Martignac*, and a desultory and tumultuous conversation, a retrenchment in the expenditure of '*l'administration centrale*' was carried, much to the satisfaction of the opposition, and with few dissentients, except amongst the members of the 'extreme right.' Other branches of the subject were then gone into, and more speeches read; but it was now near six o'clock, and the patience of the Frenchmen was completely exhausted. Indeed the president had, towards the latter part of the debate, taken much less pains to keep order than at first, and was evidently very glad to be released from his seat by an adjournment of the discussion.

"The members generally have the appearance of men of intelligence and sense, but the office of restraining their vivacity is no sinecure. On slight disturbances the president merely strikes his paper-cutter against the desk; when the storm rises higher, he rings his large bell; and sometimes he directs his looks towards particular offenders. If the French become indifferent to the legislative privilege they now enjoy, *one* cause of their being so will be found in their not having patience to listen to the dry details of parliamentary discussions; and these are unfortunately made more tedious by the practice of mounting the tribune, which obliges a man to prepare something of a formal speech, however little he may have to say: a remark that would come well enough from one of the benches, would sink into insignificance if formally delivered from the tribune, and must therefore remain unsaid, or be moulded into a set speech. To this somewhat of the tedium of their proceedings may be referred. Those among them who do speak *extempore* never hesitate for a word; while with you, on the contrary, even practised debaters do not attain this fluency. With the building you are well acquainted. Its whole appearance is more splendid than the Chamber of Peers, particularly the

marble tribune; and our Houses of Parliament are mean when compared with either of theirs.

"*Enghien les Bains, 28th June*, 1829.

"Since my last from the capital, the only novelty I have met with is M. Delavigne's new tragedy of 'Marino Faliero,' which has been so eminently successful, that the French, who are never moderate in their praise, have compared its author to Shakspeare. It is certainly a fine drama. Being written expressly for the stage, the interest is more concentrated than in Lord Byron's, and in the fourth and fifth acts it is very powerfully managed. But there is still a long space between M. Delavigne and Shakspeare. It has now been acted twenty-six times, without any falling off in its popularity, and it is said the first ten representations produced 37,229 francs. '*Quel succès!*' says one of the French journalists, '*jamais, de memoire théâtrale, on n'en a vu de pareil.*' You will recollect, however, that the theatre '*Porte St. Martin*' is not one of the largest houses. It had been refused at the '*Theatre Français.*'

"We delayed leaving Paris a few days, for the purpose of seeing the royal procession in celebration of the *fete Dieu*; and it was certainly a splendid affair. Passing from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, (notorious in the annals of bigotry for having sounded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's,) it proceeded through temporary passages, lined with tapestry, by the *Louvre*, and across the *Place du Carousel*, to the Palace of the *Tuilleries*, where a service, accompanied by some beautiful music, was performed in the Royal Chapel, and thence by the *quai*, after resting at a magnificent *reposoir*, or temporary altar, it returned to the church. The van of the procession consisted of a detachment of military, with its band, drums and fifes: these were followed by girls in white, strewing flowers before the host, which was supported by the first dignitaries of the church, and immediately followed by the royal family, (male and female) their officers of state and body guard. Amongst the officers were two heralds, (not the knave of clubs-looking gentlemen in use with you, but splendid personages, in surcoats of cloth of gold, with ostrich plumes in their hats,) as fine as a prince in a fairy tale, or a *premier danseur* at the opera house. There were other processions from the different churches, and that of the ministers was almost as grand as the king's. The painters have not done his Majesty justice in any of the portraits I have seen. Though not a highly-intellectual-looking personage, he is much more so than the artists have represented him, and a wonderfully hale man for his very advanced age."

Tales, Romances, &c.

THE EMIGRANT.

(From the German of Stilling, by H. R.)

With wounded feet and worn out shoes and stockings, De Grignon descended the steep declivity of the elevated Bern forest; his knees were bending, and his weary tottering limbs refused to carry him any further, whilst a single dollar was all that remained to him as a protection against positive beggary. The sun was sinking behind him in the forest, but he faced a widely extended plain, studded with towns and villages, among which the silvery Rhine was shining like a long ribband negligently thrown down. The vast number of chimneys that smoked in all directions between highly cultivated and flourishing gardens, vineyards, fields, and meadows, proclaimed a happy and luxuriant country. Above him the azure of the sky was of the brightest hue, whilst the vestiges of a past thunderstorm were shown by the distant reflections of a rainbow, which announced increasing fertility to the refreshed landscape. A cool reviving air wafted its beneficial influence around the fatigued wanderer; he sat down at the foot of a birch tree, and indulged in a flood of tears which the excess of his grief and anxiety had for a long time obstructed, but which were now abundantly shed on the dark green moss beneath his feet. He had travelled with his utmost speed, and during several days and nights, to escape the certain death which threatened him at home; and through unfrequented paths he had nearly reached the boundaries of France: now he found himself in a country where the inhabitants spoke a language which he did not understand, and practised a religion upon which he had always been taught to look with horror. He had, however, no choice, and on he must go amongst strangers and heretics. He painfully rose from his seat of turf, armed with a large stick of horn-beam, and stretching his ailing limbs, he was proceeding with a heavy sigh, when a man came down the hill, riding upon an ass; this individual had witnessed, from a distance, what efforts the poor traveller had made in getting up, and he kindly offered him his beast, first in German and then in French. On hearing the latter, De Grignon joyfully accepted of the friendly proposal, and jogged down the hill more comfortably than he could have expected. He did not fail to inquire whether lodging would be expensive in the next village, and whether there was any Catholic landlord in the place. He got for answer that the inhabitants were all Protestants, but that he would find them civil and humane. Another sigh relieved his oppressed breast, and he soon after reached the inn, where his companion left him, without accepting of the gratification which he had thought himself bound to offer. The hostess, a young, friendly, cleanly looking woman, sat before the door picking salad, whilst two pretty children played around her, and a little house dog seemed to doubt whether he ought to bark at the stranger in good earnest, or to bid him welcome. Grignon was so overcome, partly by his feelings, and partly by fatigue, that he sank down upon the stone bench without saying a word. The landlady half guessed his situation, and placed wine with bread and salt before him. He attempted to refuse, stating that his means would not allow him to drink wine; but the friendly woman told him not to care for the next day, and to rely on Providence. He looked at her with astonishment, and asked her whether she was a Catholic? "Oh! no, (she said,) I am a Lutheran." This surprised him still more, but he heartily rejoiced at his having put up at a house where such truly Catholic sentiments prevailed. Soon after the landlord returned from the field with his horses and servants; but he looked so grave that De Grignon durst not address him; he silently followed the family into the room, and sat down in the corner: the company was increased by a respectable manufacturer from the neighbourhood, and by the clergyman of the village, who proved to be the landlady's father. The cloth was laid upon the table, and the hostess beckoned Grignon to take the empty seat which had been prepared for him; he again hesitated, when the landlord took him by the arm, and told him to help himself freely to whatever he liked, as he (the landlord) knew of one who would pay for him. Deeply affected, and with gratitude towards God and his patron Saint, the poor man finally accepted of the refreshments he so much needed. His companions vied with each other in their civility towards him during the meal, and when he found that they all understood French, their kindness opened his heart, and he thought it but right to make them acquainted with his history, as they were not likely to abuse his confidence.

He was a country gentleman from the neighbourhood of Orleans, where he had been possessed of a large mansion, and a considerable estate; he had never attempted to oppress his tenants, but was living among them as a friend when the Revolution broke out, and a furious rabble not only plundered his dwelling, but also set fire to the premises, and carried him off to Orleans with all his family. His children, a lovely boy and an infant girl,—here he stopped, until a burst of tears had again relieved his agonized feelings, and then he stammered out,—those poor innocents had been destroyed before the very eyes of himself and his wife, from whom he was separated, to be tried for aristocratical sentiments. He remained ten weeks in prison, without receiving any other intelligence but that of the number and quality of the victims who were daily executed for their alleged crimes against the state. At last, the ferocious jailer entered his dungeon, and shouted in a triumphant manner, "Now, thou cursed traitor, thy turn will come; thy wife is already despatched." He sank down in a swoon, and when he recovered, he found himself with one of his former tenants, who had found means to bribe one of the keepers, and to get him out of the way during the bustle which the execution of other prisoners occasioned. His benefactor accompanied him for some time, and then gave him what money he could spare to continue his road by himself. The instinctive love of life had urged him onward through the greatest dangers, and he had often met with sympathy and unexpected support; but now his money was nearly exhausted, and he had no hopes of supporting life among people who did not know him, and who did not practise his religion.

The clergyman then told him, that though his trials had been uncommonly severe, there could still be no doubt of their being intended for his ultimate good, since he had been so singularly preserved, and that he would probably not be long in altering his opinion about his Protestant fellow-Christians. The manufacturer undertook to get him safely over the Rhine; and thus comforted, the poor emigrant enjoyed such a night's rest as had not fallen to his lot for several months. On the next morning he asked for his bill, which amounted to a guilder and a half, (about three shillings.) He laid down his last piece of six livres, and received three louisd'or in return for his change. Struck dumb with astonishment and gratitude, he silently pressed the hands of his hosts, and took his seat in the manufacturer's gig. They rode through the fields and by-roads until they reached the water, where they found a boat and two men waiting for them under the shelter of some high-grown willows and bushes. After having got safely to the other side, Grignon threw himself on his knees to return thanks to the Almighty; and his friend congratulated him on his now being out of danger. He introduced him soon after to his wife and family, by whom he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality.—He made himself very agreeable in his turn, and not only gained the hearts of the children by his easy and cheerful manners, but was also found very useful by the parents, as a man of sense and talents, who was able to render efficient assistance in business, and whose arrival proved to be a very fortunate acquisition. This circumstance removed the feeling of dependence, which would otherwise have oppressed him; and as there happened to be a very sensible Catholic priest in the place, who cured him of his inveterate prejudices against Protestants, he would have been happy if the remembrance of former days and the recollection of his murdered family had allowed him to be so. He nevertheless passed two years in comparative ease; but when the French armies proved victorious and began to make inroads into Germany, he thought himself no longer secure in his first retirement, and his friends advised him to set out for the North, whilst they supplied him with money and other necessaries for his journey. With a heavy heart he left his beloved asylum, and expeditiously crossed the Black Forest, as well as the Main and the principalities of Fulda and Hessia, until he reached Arolsen, where the Prince of Waldeck had prepared a refuge for French emigrants. He joined his countrymen, but soon found that most of them were people without principles, whose morals had not been improved by adversity: he became disgusted with their conduct, left the place in silence, and advanced further into Westphalia. In the meantime his money was exhausting very fast, and he began to be seriously alarmed on that subject, when he passed an ancient castle, pleasantly situated in a fine meadow-ground, and half concealed by a cluster of venerable old trees. The mansion was surrounded by a moat; and its old-fashioned little towers glittered so invitingly in the evening sun, that they almost reminded him of his lost home, and induced him to try whether he could obtain there a night's rest. A respectable farm-house stood close to the draw-bridge, and De Grignon modestly inquired whether he had any chance of being admitted. The farmer addressed to him some questions about the motives of his journey, to which he answered in such German as he had been able to retain; and when the man thought that he had made out as much as he was likely to learn, he bade him sit down in his dwelling while he

went into the interior to make his report in the proper quarter. He was not long on his errand, and returned to conduct the Frenchman through an arched passage to a flight of winding stairs, and thence into a large room with round windows, and the walls covered with the representations of knights in armour as large as life. He found there an elderly lady, who bade him welcome in the most prepossessing and affable manner, and, as soon as his conductor had withdrawn, she invited him to take a seat next to her own old-fashioned arm-chair, and to relate his adventures. He did so, with all the feeling and energy to which he was roused by the pressure of his circumstances, and the effects were such as might be expected. Tears flowed abundantly on both sides, particularly whilst the horrible slaughter of his children and the death of his wife formed the subjects of his mournful relation. The lady was deeply affected, and she admitted that a man who thought only of this world might find more than sufficient reason to terminate his existence after such losses and sufferings; but she also hoped, that since he had been supported so far by his sense of religion and duty, he would bear with fortitude whatever further trials might still be in store for him. In the meantime she invited him to stay with her until he was sufficiently refreshed, since there was no immediate necessity for his moving onward. Supper was soon after served up, and De Grignon quite revived when they were joined by the brother of his benevolent hostess, whose breast was adorned by the Order of St. Louis. He had formerly been in the French service, and was highly delighted to meet with a well-educated Frenchman, with whom he could speak of former times, and who would listen with greater attention to the history of his campaigns than his sister, and her neighbours and friends, who had heard them so often related. The two gentlemen became soon as intimate as if they had been acquainted for years, and their cheerfulness gave such satisfaction to the owner of the castle, that she availed herself of De Grignon's supposed experience in rural economy, to make, on the next morning, a proposal for his staying altogether, and lending his assistance in the management of the estate, since her brother's lameness prevented him from taking an active part: her daughter was married at some distance, and her son was with his regiment. The overjoyed exile very justly and thankfully replied, that nothing could have proved more acceptable to him than such an offer, in his condition. He engaged to fulfil the duties of his employment to the utmost of his abilities, and he trusted that they would be found efficient. The conversation was then interrupted by a servant's announcing the arrival of a nobleman's family, from the neighbourhood, to whom Grignon was to be introduced in the course of the day; in the meanwhile the lady begged him to look at the garden, and to see whether any improvements could be made in its distribution. He immediately complied, and busied himself, in good earnest, with his allotted task, when he saw the company enter to join him, and to hear his remarks. A gentleman of most respectable appearance supported the lady of the house, and behind them were several children, and two other ladies; one of the latter had her face covered with a veil, and seemed to advance with some hesitation; but no sooner had she heard the sound of the Emigrant's voice than she threw the veil aside, stretched out her hands, and exclaimed "Louis! Louis!" and fell senseless to the ground. "Concordia!" cried De Grignon in his turn, whilst he too was overpowered by his feelings in trying to reanimate his long lost wife, for such she undoubtedly was, however unexpected and miraculous her reappearance might be in this world. The spectators were, of course, thrown into the utmost consternation by the event; but they were richly rewarded for their momentary alarm by their witnessing the recovery and subsequent happiness of the reunited couple, to describe whose ecstasy would be a vain attempt.

Madame De Grignon had been saved by the same means as her husband; but success had appeared so doubtful, that no hopes could be held out to the latter; and since he was already apprized of the worst, his friends thought it best not to revive expectations which might be disappointed; they only thought of removing him out of danger, and they were prevented from giving him any information afterwards. The lady had, at first, kept herself concealed amongst some of her former acquaintances, with whom she afterwards emigrated; and after many troubles and hardships she had found an asylum in the family where she now lived. De Grignon kept his engagement at the castle, and his wife proved a very acceptable companion to its noble owner. They both stayed until a comparative return to order, in France, restored them also part of their former property. They then found that there would be a sufficiency to maintain them upon their own estate, and they returned accordingly.

Miscellanies.

LORD BYRON'S FATHER.*

(From the Inverness Courier.)

Since the late Lord Byron distinguished himself by his writings, an interest attaches to his name and family which may render the following anecdote of one of his predecessors not unacceptable to the public. I give it in nearly the words of the relater, George Hossack, a clear-headed old fisherman, who had been a minute observer of both men and things, and who, fifty years ago, was reckoned the strongest and most daring man in this part of the country.

In July, 1773, Lord Byron's pleasure yacht, a vessel mounting twelve guns, well manned and fitted out in the most elegant manner, cast anchor in the bay of Cromarty. She had lain there for several days, having, according to report, a dying lady on board, when my informant rowed his skiff alongside, bringing two fine salmon to dispose of. No sooner had his boat touched the vessel than a man who stood sentry at the gangway seized a boat hook to shove her off, and struck the stern which such force as to split the plank. The fisherman, irritated at the injury done his boat, laid hold of the pole, wrenched it out of the fellow's grasp, and threatened to strike him down. Some one aboard cried out, "Sink the rascal!" The cry was echoed by others, and Hossack, considering that the odds were sadly against him, used the pole, not in carrying his threat into execution, but in propelling his boat from the side to under the stern of the yacht, where he lay beyond reach. In a few seconds, however, the Captain, who, as he afterwards learned, was a Mr. Douglas, a native of Orkney, called on him to come alongside. He did so; an apology was tendered him for the injury done his boat, and he quietly disposed of the fish.

Lord Byron, a good-looking man, but rather shabbily dressed, was pacing the quarter-deck. Two gentlemen, Sir Hector Munro, of Novar, and Sir George Munro, of Poyntzfield, who had come on board on purpose to see his Lordship, their old acquaintance, as it would appear, were seated on chairs near the stern. The party seemed an unsocial one. There was scarcely any conversation. Byron did not invite his visitors to go below, but continued to pace the deck, regarding them from time to time with an expression of countenance singularly repulsive, while the two gentlemen had the blank look of men who, expecting a kind reception, are chilled by one freezingly cold. In explanation of a conduct so singular, my informant was told by one of the crew that his Lordship was unsettled in mind, and had been so from the time he had killed a gentleman in a duel, but that his madness was not without method. He learned afterwards, however, that prudence, not insanity, dictated the measure of his courtesy on this occasion; for the cabin, at the time, was occupied by three young women, who accompanied him in all his voyages, and to an acquaintance with whom he did not choose to introduce the visitors. Hossack was likewise informed that the sick lady, a Miss Moody, had expired that morning; that she had no connexion with his Lordship, but was a relative or acquaintance of the Captain's, and a native of Orkney; that she had gone to Inverness for the benefit of her health; and that, becoming worse, and no more eligible conveyance presenting, she had taken the opportunity of returning by Lord Byron's yacht. A Cromarty woman who went on board to dress the corpse, described the cabin in which it lay as the finest she had ever seen. The sides were panelled with mirrors, and belts between embossed into finely-coloured wreaths of flowers. The waste of the yacht was divided by a passage lighted from above, and there were cabins on each side finished in as rich a style as the one occupied by the dead body.

The strangest part of the narrative is yet to come. After disposing of his fish, Douglas gave Hossack a dram of excellent gin, told him he could scarcely get any such ashore, and with a knowing inclination of the head, asked him whether he would not be for a few ankers? Lord Byron's a smuggling yacht! thought Hossack. He replied, however, in the affirmative, and was brought to the peak of the vessel, when he saw a great number of kegs strapped and loaded, that is, bound together in pairs, and having weights attached to them, to facilitate their sinking, in case of their being thrown overboard. He immediately closed a bargain for forty of them, left the vessel, and returned for his purchase at midnight. After towing it in the boat, he was brought below by Douglas, and saw his Lordship and the three women already mentioned. The latter were young and good-looking, but from the freedom of their manners, apparently of characters worse than doubtful. His Lordship said scarcely any thing. He appeared to be a dark reserved man, of singular habits, and unsettled mind. His insanity, however, seemed of that sort which, instead of changing, deepens the shades of the natural character. After paying Douglas for the gin, my informant was presented with a bag of excellent coffee. A few weeks afterwards the yacht left the place. Hossack, on his going to the Caithness fishery, which he did a fortnight from this time, saw her riding at anchor in Sinclair's Bay, and heard from some of the country people that she had lately unladen a cargo of smuggled goods.

* The late Lord Byron succeeded his grand-uncle.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(From Sir Walter Scott's Novels.)

"The author's purpose was, that it should turn upon a fine legend of superstition, which is current in the part of the Borders where he had his residence; where in the reign of Alexander III of Scotland, that renowned person, Thomas of Hersildoune, called the Rhymer, actually flourished. This personage, the Merlin of Scotland, and to whom some of the adventures which the British bards assigned to Merlin Caledonius, or the Wild, have been transferred by tradition, was, as is well known, a magician, as well as a poet and prophet. He is alleged still to live in the land of Faery, and is expected to return at some great convulsion of society, in which he is to act a distinguished part,—a tradition common to all nations, as the belief of the Mahomedans respecting their twelfth Imaun demonstrates. Now, it chanced many years since, that there lived on the Borders a jolly, rattling horse-couper, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired, and a little dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies, and often mentioned in his story, having a brace of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to chaffer with him on the subject. To Canobie Dick, for so shall we call our Border dealer, a chap was a chap, and he would have sold a horse to the devil himself, without minding his cloven hoof, and would probably have cheated Old Nick into the bargain. The stranger paid the price they agreed on; and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was in unicorns, bonnet-pieces, and other ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to collectors, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once; the purchaser only stipulating that he should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it, but after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint, that since his chap must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to half a mutchkin. 'You may see my dwelling if you will,' said the stranger, 'but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life.' Dickon, however, laughed the warning to scorn; and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow foot-path, which led them up the hills to the singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called, from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, which is almost as

famous for witch meetings as the neighbouring windmill of Kippilaw, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a passage or cavern, which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard of. 'You may still return,' said his guide, looking ominously back upon him; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went.—They entered a very long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand, but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Caliph Vathek, was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table. 'He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword,' said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Hersildoune, 'shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all broad Britain. So speaks the tongue that cannot lie. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or the horn first.' Dick was much disposed to take the sword; but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to unsheath the sword first, might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and sounded a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, grinded their bits, and tossed on high their heads—the warriors sprang to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words,

'Wo to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!'

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-jockey clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale, after concluding which he expired. This legend, with several variations, is found in many parts of Scotland and England."

Extraordinary ascendancy of an Individual over Horses.—It is not always that *coercion* is an indispensable ingredient in taming intractable horses, as the following curious instance, related of James Sullivan, a horse-breaker at Cork, and an ignorant awkward rustic of the lowest class, will show. This man obtained the singular appellation of the Whisperer, from a most extraordinary art which he possessed of controlling, in a secret manner, and taming into the most submissive and tractable disposition, any horse that was notoriously vicious and obstinate. He practised his skill in private, and without any apparent forcible means. In the short space of half an hour, his magical influence would bring into perfect submission and good temper even a colt that had never been handled; and the effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before.—The narrator of this account says, "I once saw his skill on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of a natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of a *tête-à-tête* shows that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it."

The Eagle.—A boatman, while engaged in conveying salt on the Onannaga Lake, a few years since, saw a large gray eagle cutting his gyrations in the air, apparently noticing some prey in the lake beneath. In a moment he poised, and darted from his altitude into the water, from which he was unable to rise. A continued flapping with his broad and extended pinions kept him from being drawn under, and proved that his diamond eyes had not mistaken their object. He approached the land slowly, the unknown creature below acting as propellant and helmsman. The boatman grew interested in the affair, and landed. The eagle, on touching terra firma, showed himself fastened to a fine salmon. Our hero, thinking it time to take his share of the plunder, cut himself a stout cudgel, and approached the imperial bird of Jove; which, having his talons fast, was unable to rise, advance, or recede. Three times was the club raised to strike, but the noble bearing of the regal bird, and his undaunted front, made even the boatman quail. He could not assault imprisoned majesty. The eagle exhibited no signs of fear, but occasionally nibbed the gills of his prize, and indignantly glanced at the intrusive boatman. At length the talons of one leg became released, and, by a dexterous turn, those of the other, when he soared away to his thunder clouds on high, leaving the much-coveted salmon to the boatman, who, on weighing it, found it to balance twenty-six pounds.—*Dumfries Courier*.

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.

The subject of the following article is of such importance, that no excuse will, we trust, be required for repeating it, with some abridgment, from the *Mercury*:

"The object of the experiments being made on the railroad, was to ascertain the speed and properties of a new waggon, for which Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, who is now in Liverpool, has obtained a patent. The experiments, although highly successful, were made under several disadvantages. The machinery of the model was new, and consequently somewhat stiff, and the leather strap which communicated the motion, by means of winches, occasionally failed to perform its office completely.

The principle of this waggon appears to us to promise great results, if we may be allowed to judge from the experiments made while we were on the railroad and in the waggon.

Our readers may form a tolerable idea of the ease with which this carriage is moved, by the fact, that on a dead level a weight of sixteen pounds drew it forwards at the rate of about three miles in the hour while it was laden with three tons of iron, which including the weight of the carriage, amounted to three tons fifteen hundred weight. With fifteen ordinary sized persons standing and sitting in the waggon, two men, by means of the winches urged it forward at a rate rather exceeding thirteen miles in the hour; and we were told by a gentleman, who had a stop watch, that the maximum speed was fifteen miles.

We understand that it is in contemplation to attempt to work the largest sized waggons by hand and winch, but we think there is an objection to that mode, even if it be found practicable, consistent with that economy which the proprietors very properly have in view. The operation of turning the winch is so laborious that, admitting that it could be kept up at the requisite speed without a frequent change of labourers, we are of opinion that many passengers would witness with pain the process by which they were carried forward; and thus a sense of their own comfort and convenience would be allayed by witnessing the toil necessary to procure them. This, however, is no defect in the principle of Mr. Winan's carriage, which may be put in motion either by steam or by horses.

If men are to be employed, we think an ingenious mechanic might readily convert the rotatory motion of the winch into some less irksome direction of power, and thus obviate the objection to which we have adverted.

This carriage moves with so slight an impulse that if the wind were tolerably brisk, and in the proper quarter, it is our opinion that a small sail, or even an extended handkerchief or umbrella would hold wind enough to move it forward at a tolerably fair pace.

With a carriage constructed for the purpose, and furnished with sails, and with the wind in the proper quarter, and blowing freshly, we have no doubt that it would be possible on our railroad to travel at the rate of a mile in two minutes, or even more rapidly. Those who doubt the practicability of this may be unacquainted with what has actually been accomplished by carriages supplied with sails, on an ordinary level road. Hooper, in his *Rational Recreations*, states that "a carriage of this sort was constructed in the last century by Stephinus, at Scheveling, in Holland, and is celebrated by many writers. The velocity, with a strong wind, is said to have been so great that it would carry eight or ten persons from Scheveling to Putten, which is forty-two English miles distant, in two hours."

Hooper also gives a description and engraving of a carriage which will sail by land against the wind, by the action of the wind. The principle is correct, and we have little doubt that such a machine on a railroad might be impelled at a considerable rate by means of the wind from whatever quarter it blew.

These railroads like the invention of steam-boats, will form a remarkable era in the history of the country; and as we feel confident that some of the machines we have here noticed, or others on a nearly similar principle, will be occasionally used when the wind serves, we have ventured to anticipate their application at the risk of being laughed at. We are so confident on this subject, that if it were not contrary to our invariable rule, we would wager any sum within our means, that if a railroad were perfectly straight, and with a carriage constructed purposely, and supplied with sails, we could travel the distance between Liverpool and Manchester within the hour, if that speed could be endured without inconvenience.

One of our brother editors, who last year rather disparaged the utility of Pocock's kites, may possibly live to be whisked by their agency in Mr. Winans' carriage, to and from Manchester in less time than we dare state. ☞

Mr. Cameron's new Marking Ink.—We have in our possession several certificates from skilful chemists, attesting the excellence of this new Marking Ink; one of them from a scientific gentleman of the first eminence. It is not the *etiquette* to publish such certificates in the newspapers; and this consideration alone prevents Mr. Cameron from availing himself of the recommendation of the gentleman alluded to. We can, however, speak ourselves decidedly in favour of the ink, from personal experience; and specimens marked by it, may be seen at our office. The cloths consist of coarse linen, Irish linen, carded muslin, twilled jean, fine French cambric, cambric muslin, and coarse towel-cloth. In order to show how simple the process of using this ink is, we shall subjoin a copy of the printed directions accompanying the bottles:—"After well smoothing the part to be written on, pour a few drops of the ink from the small vial into a conical wine glass; you can then, without soiling the fingers or pen, dip a finely pointed new pen into the ink, and write on the smoothed part of the cloth. Then pour into a tea-cup a tea-spoonful of the liquid from the large vial, dip the cane brush in it, lift the cloth from the table, and wet the writing, which will instantly assume a permanent *black*. You may then immediately wash the cloth, or not, as convenient."

To Correspondents.

DANIEL LAMBERT.—The memoir of this extraordinary man shall appear in our next.

CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MR. OWEN AND THE REV. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.—We have in our possession a very entertaining article on the victory which the Rev. Mr. Campbell lately obtained over Mr. Owen, after a protracted discussion, which terminated in an almost unanimous verdict against Mr. Owen's deistical opinions. It is treated in such a way as to be admissible into the *Kaleidoscope* without the slightest departure from the plan of the work.

"WHAT YOU WILL," by *L.* next week.

MUSIC.—The march by *X* is in the hands of our printer.

We have further to acknowledge the communication of *Cachuco*—*J. A.*—*S.*

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